

Wreck

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# Puck

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THE MAN AT THE WHEEL KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 21st, 1893.—No. 850.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
THE REPUBLICAN  
EDITOR.**

THE PRESENT TACTICS of the Republican press certify forcibly to the sad demoralization of the party. They consist solely in attempts to plunge the country into profound gloom. Enough disasters are prophesied daily to wreck the entire civilized world. The comic side of it lies in the astonishing state of affairs which the Republican editor has discovered to exist. This is the way he sees things: Last November a Democratic President was elected by one of the largest electoral majorities ever given, upon a platform promising tariff reform and money reform. But the men who voted thus did so to conceal their real sentiments, which were in favor of the McKinley bill and free silver. The only conclusion that can be logically deduced from the Republican editor's premises is that the men who voted the Democratic ticket were hypnotized into voting against their wills. This is a startling theory, but the Republican editor needs it in his present embarrassing position. The people have condemned the McKinley bill, and yet, (so says the Republican editor) our financial depression is largely due to their fear that it will be meddled with. One earnest patriot denies that the Republicans favor "the present money fallacy," but insists that "the sentiment in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver is stronger to-day than ever. Indeed, it seems to permeate the masses." The Republican editor nowadays is a pessimist compared with whom the late Herr Schopenhauer was a rabid optimist. Read a few of his editorials and you are ready to believe that large sections of the United States are being washed away into the ocean. The attitude of the New York Tribune is, of course, easily explained on the ground of its sympathy for the late Republican candidate for Vice-President. Ever since the election, Mr. Whitelaw Reid has acted very much like a small boy who has a large red apple taken away from him. If the Tribune, in its efforts to chasten his grief, is malicious and unpatriotic; if, in short, it daily prostitutes itself by magnifying our financial depression and insisting that it is solely due to the shortcomings of the present administration, we can excuse it on the ground of its excessive love for Mr. Reid. But we can find no excuse for the other Republican editors who have degenerated into calamity howlers, and who are insisting that a majority of the voters of this country are asses. The Republican editor has credited the President with various ingenious schemes to kill the national credit.

He has an important way of saying "Now comes the proposition," or, "The latest proposal is," etc. He also has a staunch ally in "a prominent Democratic Congressman whom prudence impels to ask that his name be reserved." In such ways he has discovered at various times that the President intended: to issue interest-bearing bonds; to redeem Treasury notes only in silver; to repeal the state bank tax; to advocate the free coinage of silver in the ratio of 20 to 1; and to issue legal tender notes for the purchase of gold. It never worries him any that no one else discovers these facts. The one emphatic declaration which President Cleveland has made is that all his power will be used to maintain the integrity of our currency. Yet the Republican editor finds it unfortunate "that the administration has been unable to define its position on this subject," and he argues that "the people have little confidence in the President's ability or purpose to avert financial disaster." The Republican editor is giving an exhibition of a very nasty kind of partisanship. We suppose it is because there is nothing else left for him to do. It is certainly not his fault that there is not a general lack of confidence in the present administration and in the solidity of our finances.

**CONCERNING  
THE LEGALITY OF  
SUNDAY OPENING.**

A correspondent criticises us for confining our remarks on the Sunday opening of the Fair to the ethical rather than to the legal side of the question. We can only say to him that we do not wish to waste words upon a point of law that must be settled by the courts. If we prove that an open Sunday is right, then the law is bad. Congress is not a private corporation, but an agent of the people. It granted a certain amount of the people's money to the Fair upon certain conditions. If the people don't like those conditions they have a right to set them aside if they can. Slavery was abolished not because it was unlawful but because it was inhuman. These same Sabbatarians contend that the Geary law should be nullified in some way, because it is unjust. Even the saintly Matthew Quay is arguing that the Government should evade the Sherman law, because it is embarrassing the Treasury. Human reason is supposed to be the father of laws, and it has a right to disown a law when its paternity is in question. If the courts close the Fair on Sunday, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the responsibility lies with the Sabbatarians and a weak-kneed Congress that sold its integrity for a small mess of votes. There may be ways to convince us that an open Sunday is wrong, but you can't do it by flourishing a Congressional edict, any more than you can tickle a stone wall with a feather. While we are on this subject we wish to suggest to the Sabbatarians that they may be losing the opportunity of their lives. The Reverend Dr. James Boyd Brady of Newark, N. J., in a recent sermon, said a man had told him "that the earth's crust under Chicago is only thirty feet thick, and the fires of Hell are raging just beneath." They should at once sink a shaft and obtain a thoroughly representative "Hell exhibit" to be placed in the Liberal Arts building. We are sure the enterprising Chicagoans will afford every facility for the work. We especially suggest this to the New York Mail and Express, which, we believe, claims to be the official organ of God, as a certain remedy for what it calls "that insane love of pleasure" which demands the Fair on Sunday. It is a rare opportunity, if some one has not been gulling the Newark preacher.



**JERSEY ASSURANCE.**

FARMER (to newly-arrived city boarder).—Gosh! ef there hain't a mosquito. Fust one I've seed around. Brought it with ye, I s'pose!

**NOT INTERESTED IN THE VICTIM.**

CRUMMER.—I see that a woman was killed in the crush at a bargain counter yesterday.

MRS. CRUMMER.—Dear me! What bargains were for sale?

**NOT PAYING WELL.**

MRS. DE RICH.—The Society Chitchat is edited by a woman, is n't it?

MR. DE RICH.—So I've heard.

MRS. DE RICH.—I guess she is n't making much money out of it. She says: "Lavish displays of diamonds are vulgar."

**MUST HAVE BEEN "NO!"**

GRACE INGLE.—You ask me to marry you. Can you not read your answer in my face?

NED NAVER (cruelly).—Yes; it is very plain.

IT TAKES nine tailors to make a man; but ninety-nine lawyers can not always collect the bill.

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#### FUNERAL COURTSHIP.

MRS. CHURCH.—Do you think the young rector's attentions are serious?

ANNIE CHURCH.—Well, I should say so! So serious, indeed, that I feel like crying the whole time I'm talking with him.

#### NOT DISSIMILAR.

JOSEPHINE.—See those poor lambs crowded together in that freight-car!

AMY.—Yes. It reminds one of the elevated trains during the rush hours, does n't it?

THE HORSE-SHOE that dropped from the racer  
When half-way around the course,  
Was lucky for that gay mortal  
Who bet on the other horse.



#### BRASS BUTTON ECONOMY.

POLICEMAN.—Be yez selling many cherries?

MRS. MURPHY.—Yez officers don't leave me manny ter sell.

POLICEMAN.—Is thot so? (*Eating furiously.*) I'll buy some whin they git cheaper.

#### KNEW THEIR WANTS.

BELL BOY.—Dere's a young couple on de piazzy as wants you to send 'em some chairs.

CLERK.—Is it bright moonlight?

BELL BOY.—Nope; dark.

CLERK.—Take them this chair.

#### A CASE OF NECESSITY.

EDITH (*aged four - having trouble with her dolls*).—Oh, s'oot it!

MAMA.—Why, Edith! you must not say "shoot it." That is naughty.

EDITH.—Well, Mama; what mus' I say? Mus' I say "wats?"



#### IN A HIGHER SPHERE.

UNCLE JACK.—Are you still working as a drug-clerk for Boracks?

TOM QUYNINE (*proudly*).—No,

sir; I've been greatly advanced, both in salary and position; I now attend to the soda-water fountain.

#### THE MOST ATTRACTIVE KIND.

JASPAR.—I have a good one on Vokes. His wife asked him to have a look at some garden hose for her when he was in the city.

JUMPUPPE.—Well?

JASPAR.—He devoted all his attention to the roof-garden variety.

#### A WAY OUT OF IT.

FREDDY.—Mama, may I go out and play?

MAMA.—Not now, dear; it is raining so hard that your clothes would be ruined.

FREDDY.—Can't I go out if I put on my bathing suit?

WHEN MARRIAGE is a failure it is the husband who usually liquidates.

WHEN A MAN begins to say "Everything goes!" it usually does.

THE LONDONER who saves up for a rainy day must be kept pretty busy.

IT IS EASIER for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a woman to go through a ferry boat without glancing in the mirror.

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.



THE MAJOR and I had just finished dinner at the Major's club. He was a bluff old fellow of fifty, with piercing gray eyes, a military bearing, and a wealth of red complexion; in short, just such a man as you would address, instinctively, as "Major."

We pulled tentatively at the cigars, until satisfied of their excellence. Then I asked the

Major what had become of his two nephews, of whom he used to tell me so much. He indulged in some reminiscent chuckles, and said:

"Well, well! So I never told you how they settled down? Quite a family affair it was. Let me see—um—when you last heard of the boys, Lee, the elder, was drinking like the devil.

"Where the fellow ever got his appetite for liquor the Lord only knows, but he had it, and it was appalling, and there did n't seem to be any way of spoiling it for him. He was one of the brightest boys I ever knew, one of these plausible, ingratiating scamps that you can't help but like, and wish you could. George was just the opposite, a quiet, studious sort of a chap, who kept to himself, mostly. Somehow, he never seemed to get on with people the way Lee did—he did n't have that bright sort of tact that makes young men agreeable and taking. He did n't care any more for society than society cared for him; the two were n't suited to each other; all he wanted was to be let alone. The boy was all right at bottom, as he's shown since; but the person to draw him out had n't come along yet.

"Well, four years ago this Fall, there came to the house one day a hundred and twenty pounds of as pretty, blue-eyed meekness as you ever saw. It was the daughter of a sort of second cousin of brother Ed's and mine. Her parents were dead, and Ed was her guardian, so she came here to live. She was one of this little, canary-bird sort of girls.

"At the time she arrived, Lee was just a little this side of delirium tremens, and I really believe she staved 'em off. Julie was her name. She had n't been in the house two weeks before everybody was in love with her, including both of the boys. It was the most astonishing thing in the world, the way she drew that fellow George out. From being moody and self-contained, he just expanded into as jovial and agreeable a young man as you'd wish to meet. Julie and he seemed to take to each other from the start. I can tell you, old boy, to see them together, with so much confidence and good-will between 'em, and so much of something else that seemed too big to express—well, sometimes it made me feel that possibly I'd missed something in life by knocking around single.

"But, however—well, Lee did n't get along so well with Julie. When he was sober, and devoted himself to her, he seemed to sort of awe her, don't you know—she was n't free and happy as she was with George, but always restrained, and half afraid of him. But they were both dead in love with her, and each was determined to have her.

"Now you would have thought that Ed and his wife would have put their influence on George's side, would n't you? Not a bit of it. They wanted her to marry Lee, and why? Because they told her she was the one person who could reform him—save him from a drunkard's grave, you know—and all that rot. Well, I'm damned if they did n't hornswoggle the girl into saying she *would* marry him. He had grace enough to take it with a good deal of shame-facedness, and she—well, she looked as if she had n't a friend left on earth. But they had dinned her so much about her duty, and what a man she could make of Lee, that she did n't have nerve enough to come out flat-footed and say no.

"One evening George came to me, down-hearted-looking as could be, and wanted I should take dinner with him downtown. I knew how he was feeling, and thought I might chirk him up a bit, possibly, so we had dinner together. Long before we'd finished I could see he'd some new purpose in his head; and, finally, out he came with it. He says:

"Uncle, how drunk may a gentleman get?"

"Well, I told him a gentleman was all right so long as he could apologize for his condition.

"Then he wanted to know if champagne was a good way of reaching the limit. I had n't quite got him yet; but I warned him against champagne, of course—told him it was too liable to carry him past the station—and that straight whiskey was the only trustworthy beverage where a man started soberly out to get drunk.

"He laughed a little and said he believed he'd been missing some fun.

"I met George again that night, about one o'clock it was, and he was drunk. Well, you can imagine how the thing shocked me, because when a fellow of his quiet nature takes too much, you know it means something. I saw then why he had questioned me as he did. The strain upon him, his disappointment at losing the girl, had made him reckless, and he'd taken this way to throw it off. I tried to get him home with me, but he would n't have it. He said there was something wrong about the limit of inebriety I had set, because, while he was still able to apologize for his condition, he had lost all desire to do so. I was n't really much alarmed, because I thought one night of it would settle him. It did n't though. He was at it again next day, and the next.

"There was a pretty row on when his father and mother heard of it. But that did n't worry him any. He kept it up like an old rounder. I've known him to get two policemen drunk in one night—miserable judge of whiskey he was, too.

"It soon seemed inevitable that the family was to produce two highly successful drunkards; and then it became a question of which one the girl stood the best chance of saving.

"While Ed and his wife were debating over it, it came to Julie's mind one day that, for one of the interested parties, she was n't having much voice in the matter. One morning, without saying anything to any one, she locked George in his room, and fed him on milk toast and Apollinaris water all day. Toward night she let him out. He gave her to understand that his craving for strong drink was next thing to uncontrollable, and that she had got to marry him; otherwise he could never conquer it. She said she *would* marry him when he had kept sober six months, regardless of what his father and mother might say. It seems she had a will of her own, only she had to cry a good deal to get it in working order.

"You can imagine how anxiously we all watched George, and what a relief it was to every one, when he began to show that he had conquered his appetite for too much whiskey.

"He finished out his period of probation soberly, and the wedding came off. The day before, he said to me:

"Well, Uncle, it's pretty tough when a man has to make a reprobate of himself before he can marry the woman he loves; but I think I did tolerably well."

"I think you did, my boy," I said, "considering your lack of natural qualifications; but I don't see that you were forced into it."

"Yes; but I *was*," he said. "Lee drank hard, and every one, even my own people, said what a bright fellow he could be if he would only let liquor alone; then they gave him the girl I loved, because I did n't happen to be a drunkard. I just thought I'd see if whiskey straight, as you called it, would n't bring my merits out into a little stronger relief."

"Then you did n't have a strong appetite for liquor," I asked him.

"Not a bit of it," he said. "I found hard drinking to be hard work; and, to tell the truth about it, that last month of my brief career as a dipsomaniac was a fake. I just kept out late and littered my room up with empty bottles."

But he swore me to secrecy. And to this day they all think Julie plucked him from the burning."

"And what became of Lee after his brother's marriage?" I asked.

"Well, now, do you know that's the funny part of it. As soon as George started in, Lee became alarmed about him, and in his efforts to keep George straight, he got to keeping sober himself. George's misdeeds seemed to open his eyes, and give him a disgust for that sort of thing. He straightened up and married an old flame of his who'd jilted him when he first began to get wild. They're both heads of families now."

H. L. Wilson.







### AN EASY BARGAIN.

WOODSELL.—What will you give me for him?  
 BYERS.—A load of hay.  
 WOODSELL.—What would I want with hay and no horse to eat it?  
 BYERS.—Well, I'd lend you the horse till the hay was gone.

### WHY, INDEED?

"What's a lapstone, Papa?"  
 "It's a stone the cobbler uses to beat his leather on."  
 "Why does n't he use a cobblestone, Papa?"

### AN EASY DEATH.

MR. JACKSON PARK (of Chicago).—How do you kill time?  
 MR. BOWLING GREEN (of New York).—Club it.

### SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

If young boys continue to smoke cigarettes,  
 And young girls keep on growing tall,  
 There'll be no need for the advocates  
 Of woman suffrage to bawl.

G. E. Hanson.



### AN INDICATION OF THE TIME.

BRADY.—They ain't yez to worruk this day, Murphy?  
 MURPHY.—A fri'nd av moine that 's dead has a wake this day.  
 BRADY.—Phat toime does it commence?  
 MURPHY (in disgust).—G'wan wid yez! Askin' av me phat toime does it commence! Anny choild lookin' at me face wud know 't was over.

### HOMEWARD BOUND.

NATIVE.—Won't this shanking home on the ties break you two actors all up?

HISTRIONS (in chorus).—Naw; we're pugilist-actors, and the walk home will keep us in fine condition.

### A MATTER OF LOCALITY.

"These movable sidewalks at the Fair must be great novelties."  
 "Oh, no; down in New Jersey our sidewalks move every Spring."

### A FEARFUL POSSIBILITY.

Oh, let us hope that women ne'er  
 Shall wrest the barber's trade from men!  
 For, talked to death now in the chair,  
 What would our awful doom be then?

John Ludlow.



### THE WAY THEY TELL.

MRS. TRIMFOOT.—These shoes don't fit me at all.  
 MR. TRIMFOOT.—Why, they look all right.  
 MRS. TRIMFOOT.—Well, they don't fit, anyway. I've had them on over an hour and they have n't hurt in the least.

### ONLY A DREAM.

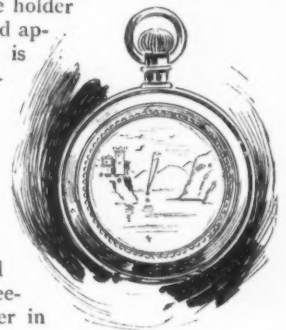
SCRIBE.—I had the finest dream the other night!  
 SPACER.—What was it?  
 SCRIBE.—I thought we were paid as much per column as the advertisers are charged.

### PUCK'S PATENT WATCH-CASE BATHING-SUIT HOLDER.

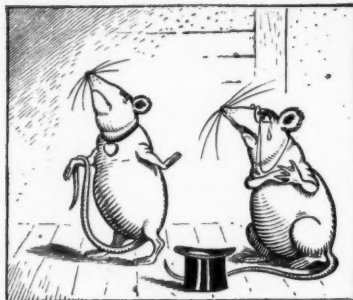
As will be readily seen, this unique and useful article is destined to become very popular the coming season. The holder consists of a metal case, similar in shape and appearance to a common watch-case, which is attached by the user either to the watch-chain, fob or chatelaine.

In this is kept the bathing-suit; doing away entirely with the necessity of going or sending to one's room for that article whenever a sea-bath is desired. The holder is made in two sizes: Number 1, or the Asbury Park size, intended for general use; and Number 2, or the Narragansett size, sold especially for stage-elevating actresses and three-season buds. The holder may be had either in silver, gold or aluminium.

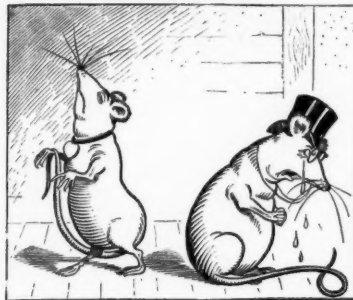
Smart, wide-awake, reliable agents wanted in every seaside resort to sell either on commission or salary.



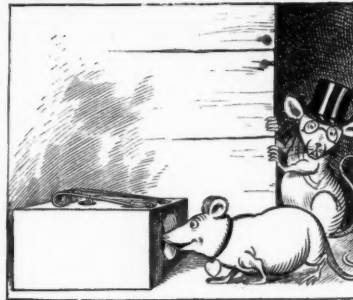
A RODENTIAL ROMANCE;  
OR, HOW A TIMELY RESCUE WON A BRIDE.



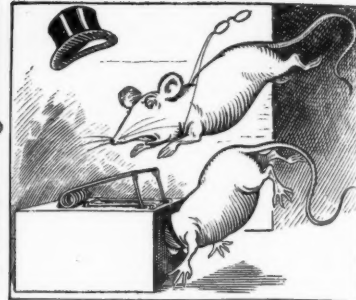
I.



II.



III.



IV.

THE WINE-GRAPE CULTURE.

A FEW YEARS ago a lady, an earnest worker in the cause of temperance, was engaged to lecture against the rum-curse in a town in Southern California.

The meeting was to be held at one of the churches — one which attracted a large and fashionable attendance and which had many wealthy supporters.

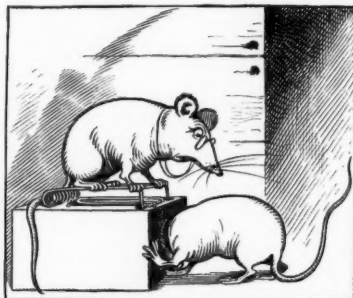
Just before the exercises began, the pastor informed the speaker that she must not allude, in her remarks, to the wine-grape culture, for his most influential parishioners were largely interested in the growth of the wine-grape, and it was their custom to wax exceedingly wroth whenever an attempt was made to bring them to a realization of the harm they were doing. She was in a quandary.

To disregard the injunction was to be grossly discourteous, but to neglect her duty was to be cowardly.

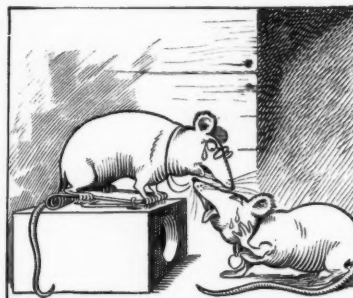
She had but little time to decide; and while she was wavering, the meeting sang:

"Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone;  
Dare to have a purpose firm  
And dare to make it known."

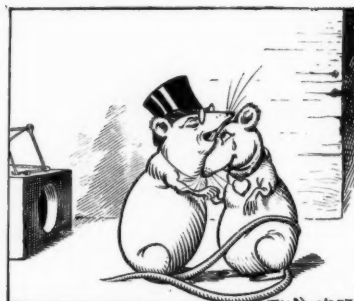
The words came like an inspiration to her. Her mind was made up. She decided to do what she considered right. She spoke with simplicity and gentleness; but, at the same time, directly and forcibly.



V.



VI.



VII.

What she had to say against the wine-grape culture she said bravely and without hesitation; and when she sat down one could not fail to note that an impression had been made.

Two years from that time every one of those influential parishioners had discontinued the cultivation of the wine-grape.

They had substituted hops.

F. S. Bailey.

A LOGICIAN.

"So your wife is going to sue you for divorce?"  
"How did you know it?"  
"I read in this morning's paper that she intended to go on the stage."

BETTER EXPRESSED.

CRUMMER.—What is the matter with Carson? He appears to be all battered up.  
GILLELAND.—He acted as umpire yesterday and gave a decision against the home team.  
CRUMMER.—And he was wrong, I suppose?  
GILLELAND.—Well, I would

hardly express it that way. He was right, ethically, but he showed blamed bad judgement.

APPROPRIATE.

"That is Mrs. Specie, there. She is a society leader; right in the swim."  
"So? By Jove! she dresses for it."

TOO COMFORTABLE NOW.

PEASTRAW.—Are you going to keep Summer boarders this year?  
OATCAKE.—No. Now that we have put our new brick house, and have it comfortably furnished, we have decided to give that up.

A BOON TO MANKIND.

DEALER.—This is the finest boat in the market.  
CUSTOMER.—What are its special features?  
DEALER.—It has seats with powerful springs under them, that can be touched off by pressing a button, and made to hoist out any fool who tries to rock the boat.  
CUSTOMER.—Name your own price.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

BROWN.—I hear you have been to the Fair. I suppose you brought home a souvenir?  
JONES.—You bet I did, and a rare one, too.  
BROWN.—What was it?  
JONES.—A dollar I took out with me.



CHANGE NEEDED.

STEINBACH (who has just been rescued from a watery grave — in a burst of gratitude).—Schentlemens, can anyvon schange a kervartar?

NO CHICAGO building has as many stories as are told about it

BEADS OF perspiration are the jewelry of toil.

EXPERT TESTIMONY explains matters so thoroughly that nobody can understand them.







## A MISTAKE.

MISS POKE.—There's that bridal couple. Their ostentatious love-making makes me sick.

## NOT LOST.

VISITOR.—Ah, Johnny, I see you have lost one of your first teeth.

JOHNNY.—No, sir; I have n't lost it. It's upstairs on the window sill.

## "USE FISH LIVER OIL."

PINXIT.—And what's D'Auber doing this season?

STIPPLE.—Painting in the Catskills, I believe.

PINXIT.—Humph! On the Catskills, more likely.

## "HER NAME IS LEGION."

She's the prettiest maiden

That ever was born.

Her lips are a rose

And—her tongue is its thorn.



## BASE INJUSTICE.

MRS. KINDLY.—Now, I'll give you a dime, poor man. But I hope you will not go and get drunk with it.

THE POOR MAN (*much hurt*).—Lady, you do me a great wrong to suggest such a thing.

MRS. KINDLY.—I did n't mean to accuse you—

THE POOR MAN.—I'm glad of it, lady. Do I look like a man who could get drunk on a dime?

## CABLED BY THE EDITOR OF P—NCH.

"Is there an omnibus line to the city?" asked the World's Fair Visitor from London of one of the Guards.

"No," returned the Guard. "We have no omnibuses."

"Haw!" said the Englishman. "I suppose you call them Colum-buses instead of Omni-buses, eh?"

And the stupid American could n't see the joke.

## A CORDIAL INVITATION.

KINGLEY.—I hear you are in the country for the Summer. How do you like it?

BUGO.—Immensely! I have delightful rooms, old man. Cool and pleasant, no mosquitos, southern exposure, and all conveniences. I wish you would take a run out and see me. Forty minutes from town; commanding view of the ocean; superb bathing, and no children on the premises. Come out and take a look.

KINGLEY.—Thanks; perhaps I will, some day.

BUGO.—Some day? Why, I want to show you those rooms right away! Can't you come out to-night?

KINGLEY.—Great Scott! No. What on earth do you want me to come out to-night for?

BUGO.—I thought, old fellow, you might like to take those rooms off my hands.



THE GROOM.—Look out, Clara! hold that umbrella so the wind won't blow out *this* match. It's the last I've got.

## HIS GOLDEN TEXT.

DR. THIRDLY.—

You love to go to Sunday school, don't you, Dick?

DICK HICKS.—Yes, indeed.

DR. THIRDLY.—

What do you expect to learn to-day?

DICK HICKS.—The date of the picnic.

## A WORLD OF COMPENSATIONS.

MR. NUWED (*gloomily*).—My salary has been cut down ten per cent.

MRS. NUWED (*cheerily*).—Oh, don't worry about that, dear! Silk, Ribbons & Co. are advertising perfectly lovely things marked down twenty per cent.

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"Beg pardon, sir; but who are you?"

"I am the husband of Mrs. Lease, of Kansas. And you?"

"I am the husband of the Infanta Eulalia, of Spain."

"Shake!"

## THE RAIN DOES IT.

HOWE SOLDER.—Our street is very dirty, and I am going to make a complaint at the street-cleaning department.

KNOWIT ALL.—That's the wrong place; go to the weather bureau.



Although it is the fashion for young men to complain bitterly of crinoline, yet matters were far worse in the Elizabethan period.

IT IS true that Paul said to Timothy, "Take a little wine for your stomach's sake;" but he would probably advise the class of men who quote the saying most frequently, nowadays, to take a little water for their stomach's sake.

YOU SHOULD never judge a railroad by the cigar sold on its trains.

THE BABY in the cradle strikes the bed-rock of happiness.

A DISTINGUISHED POET is preparing an ode to the Spanish Infanta. He proposes to make "Eulalia" rhyme with "shillalah."





PUCK.



VETERANS ARE AGAIN ON HAND WHEN THEIR COUNTRY CALLS THEM.

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## THE NOVELIST'S LAUREATE.



USED to be the fashion among writers, of whom, perhaps, Sir Walter Scott was the most noteworthy example, to compose mottoes for the openings of their chapters. These mottoes were supposed by the public to be quotations from standard works, as they were usually signed "Anonymous," "Old Play" and "Old Song." If this feature had not been regarded in the light of an artistic success by the writers, it is not at all likely that they would have persisted in keeping it up as long as they did. The chief charm of this feature was that it opened each and every chapter with an original verse, which was in better taste than using those which were as well known as the melodies of Mother Goose.

Modern novelists who do not possess the gift of song, have wearied many a patient reader with such quotations as:

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair."

And,

"'T is better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."  
"That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

If the novelists of to-day must have mottoes for their chapters, and can not supply them with their own minds, it might be a sensible business move for them to employ a poet, to be known as the Novelist's Laureate. This minstrel could supply verses of good literary quality, which would give the work of the novelist a flavor of variety, besides lending an air of mystery in the event of their being printed without credit. For the opening of a marine novel by Clark Russell, he could supply a verse like the following:

Upon the bright blue sea  
There's not a sail in sight;  
The lone gull circles free  
On winglets shining white.  
Night's curtain's lightly drawn  
Above the coral cave;  
The rosy kiss of dawn  
Is dreaming on the wave.

The novels of William Black offer a splendid opportunity for the use of the original motto, especially those, the scenes of which are laid in Scotland. We are not quite certain that he does not occasionally use verses quoted from various standard works. But if he does make a practice of doing this, there is no good reason why he

should not use verses quite as new and fresh as his prose. It would only be necessary for him to stir the Laureate up a bit with the official pole, to get the following:

About the placid loch resounds  
The plaintive baying of the hounds,  
While madly springs from crag to crag  
With panting breath, the weary stag.

Across the heather, swiftly borne,  
The huntsman winds his ringing horn.  
Lord Roland spurs his steed,  
etc., etc.

Breaking the line off in the middle would give the foregoing verse the air of a quotation, and many similar tricks might be practiced with success.

For one of Lew Wallace's Eastern stories, a verse like the following might serve its purpose:

Across the silent leagues of sullen calm,  
The weary camel kneels beneath the palm;

And o'er the desert softly, Artemis  
Pours the white glory of her vestal kiss.

But these are not the only kinds of writers who would be benefited by the chapter motto. Take, for instance, the man who writes the blood-and-thunder romances of the Western plains. Instead of the usual poetic prose opening, about the setting sun shining on the purple hills, and the sweet rustle of the silver birches, etc., how much more would the appetite of the reader be whetted by such a stanza as this:

Old Mr. Afraid-of-his-Squaw,  
His tomahawk rubs on his boot,  
And he's filling his rifle with bullets,  
The casual white man to shoot.

He's painting his features for war,  
By his fig-tree and vine softly screened,  
While the rapturous smile of a baby  
Encircles the face of the fiend.

And then, for our own Laura Jean, what could be better in the way of a chapter motto than:

As happy as her dream of love  
Is willowy, blue-eyed Pearl,  
Who in another moon will be  
No plodding factory girl.

She tries on her engagement ring,  
A beautiful solitaire,  
And sighs: "How nice to be engaged  
To a dashing millionaire!"

## THE REJUVENATION OF GRANDPA.



"Let your pace be very slow, Johnny dear;  
My ailments you well know, Johnny dear;  
I should really not be out  
In this weather with my gout,  
And of that there is no doubt, Johnny dear."

It is not necessary to say more, or to give further examples. A word to the wise novelist should be sufficient. In conclusion, should any poet be appointed to such a position as the Novelist's Laureate, he should remember the writer of this as the person suggesting such a Laureateship, and not forget to gladden his heart with the customary commission.

R. K. M.

## ONE OR THE OTHER AT FORTY.

JABLEY.—Look here, Stabley! I understood you said I was a fool.

STABLEY.—No, indeed, old man. I said you were forty, and no physician.

THE BARE-FACED lie naturally does not meet with the same respect as the ancient humbug with whiskers.

[INTOXICATED POET (with fervor).—Look at moons! How beautiful is moons all in one radiant an' glorious bunch!



"Just cast your eye up there, Grandpa dear!"  
"As I live, it is a bear, Johnny dear!  
Mercy on us! we're undone!  
We have neither knife nor gun,  
I'm afraid we'll have to run, Johnny dear!"



"Is he still upon our track, Johnny dear?"  
"No; I think he's ten miles back, Grandpa dear."  
"There was once a time, my son,  
Away back in '21,  
When they told me I could run, Johnny dear."



"Thank goodness! Home at last, Johnny dear!  
My breath comes hard and fast, Johnny dear!  
Now, do not make a fuss,  
Just sneak out my blunderbuss,  
And we'll go and shoot the cuss, Johnny dear!"



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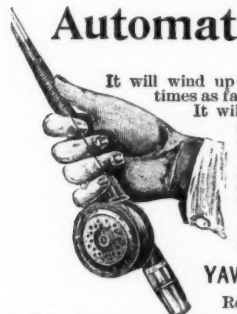
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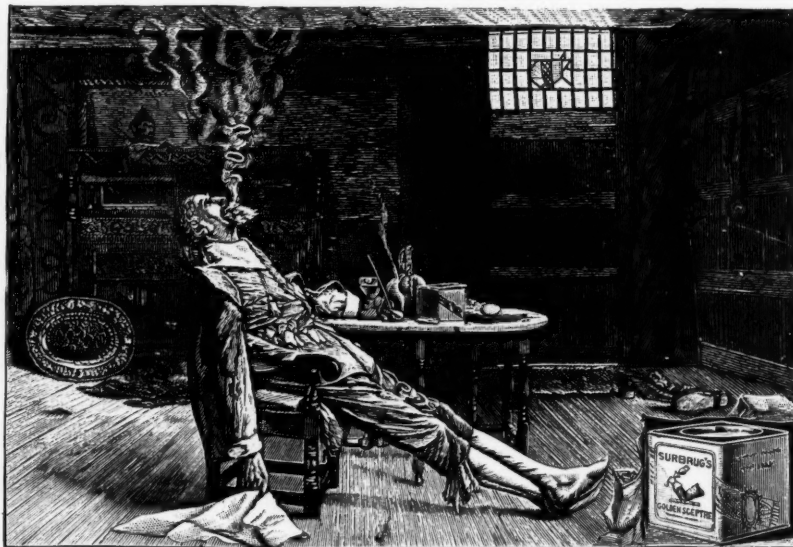


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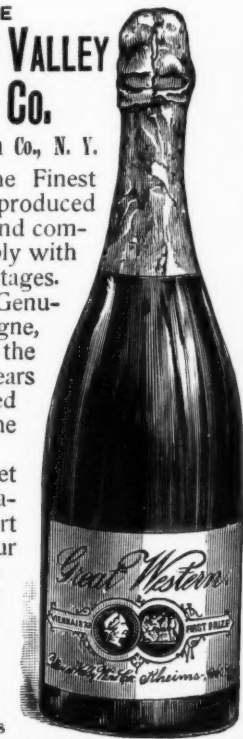
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Mr. Louis Plath, the proprietor of the Grand Pacific Hotel Barber Shop, at Chicago, Ill., says: "Many of my customers are men who travel, who are exposed to all kinds of weather, and I have to be most careful to keep their faces in the best possible condition. Nothing helps me so much as Williams' Shaving Soap. I have tried all other kinds, but it's no use. They neither satisfy me nor my customers. Their is nothing like Williams'."

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at the government yards, Washington, D. C., use Williams' Soap. Mr. J. B. Hutton, the Barber in charge, says:

"For the past four years I have been employed by the Government as Barber in the United States Navy yards. A sailor's face is exposed to the hot, scorching sun most of the time, and when they come in to get shaved many were sore—badly blistered—and peeling. When I put on the lather their faces would smart and burn like fire, and they were in perfect torture until it was removed. I was using a cheap kind of Shaving Soap, procured in New York. I read and heard so much about Williams' Shaving Soap, being so very cooling and healing, I decided to try it. That was the last I heard of smarting, sore faces. Williams' Soap did heal."

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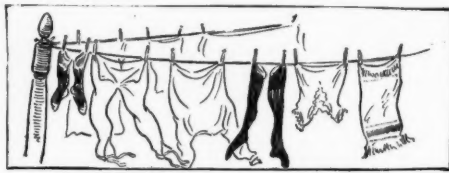


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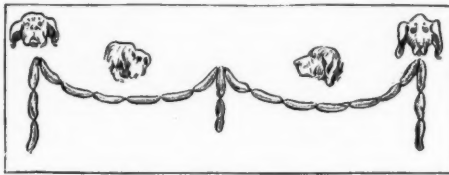
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A MONDAY MORNING IDYL.  
"A YARD OF CLOTHES."



FOR A DECORATIVE PANEL.  
"A YARD OF PUPPIES."

TOO COLD.

MAMA.—Why don't you go out doors and play?  
LITTLE DAUGHTER.—I've lost dolly's mittens.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



**TAKES THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.**  
**ANHEUSER-BUSCH**  
BREWING ASS'N  
WILL FURNISH THE BEER FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

From the *Globe-Democrat*, Jan. 12, 1893.  
The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has been awarded the contract to furnish the beer for the Columbian Casino Restaurant at the World's Fair this year. This is not only a great triumph for the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, but for St. Louis as well.

New York Depot, **O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.**

MEN make tools of their friends, and then howl when they get cut.—*Atchison Globe.*

The name to remember when buying a **BICYCLE** is **A. W. GUMP & CO., DAYTON, OHIO.**  
\$30 to \$50 saved on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over 2000 in stock. Cash or time. Agents wanted.

**CANDY**  
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.**

**WATCH POCKET LAMP**  
AND 1,000 LIGHTS, \$1.00.  
100,000 IN USE. SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE U. S., PREPAID, FOR \$1.00.  
For Sale by the Cigar Trade.  
**FOLMER & SCHWING MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
Manufacturers of Gas Fixtures, Etc.,  
271 Canal Street, NEW YORK.

"I Want  
A SUIT OF CLOTHES  
and I want it very badly."  
Is this the burden of your song? Then hasten to **Nicoll the Tailor** who will take your measure and make it Quickly, or at your Leisure; at a Moderate Price, too.  
Over 2,000 Styles of Summer Suitings—best Foreign and Domestic; Serges, Cheviots and Mohairs.  
Suits, \$20.00 up.  
Trousers, \$5.00 up.  
**Nicoll the Tailor**  
771 Broadway, N. W. Cor. 9th Street. 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

**LIKE MAMMA**  
This dear little tot—this morning was caught In trying to do like her mother:— With Kirk's Soap—and water, she was washing her daughter, Like mamma did her and her brother.  
**KIRK'S JUVENILE TOILET SOAP.**

## KODAK FILMS.

Having seen the superior work done on our new Kodak films the World's Fair authorities have decided to sell no other film on the grounds. In order to enable our customers to make the largest possible number of pictures for the smallest outlay, we are now winding this film in spools of from 100 to 250 exposures. These are known as the Columbus spools.

To still further insure success for our customers, we have purchased the exclusive concession for a film dark room on the grounds, and are erecting a building as headquarters for Kodakers. The use of the dark room will be free for changing films and plates, and competent attendants will make any slight repairs that may be necessary, without charge. If anybody comes to the Fair with a Kodak that will not work properly, we will replace it with one that is in good order.

**COLUMBUS SPOOLS.**

For No. 1 Kodak,	-	150 exposures.
For No. 2 " (with counter),	200	"
For No. 2 " (without counter),	250	"
For No. 3 " Jr.,	250	"
For No. 3 " Jr.,	100	"
For No. 4 " Jr.,	250	"
For No. 4 " Jr.,	100	"
For No. 4 " Folding,	100	"

Send 5 cents for World's Fair view 4 x 5 inches.  
**Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.**

**Herring-Hall-Marvin Co.**  
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All riders say. Our spring frame with pneumatic tires saves muscle and nerves and is luxury indeed. You want the best. Investigate. We also make a 30 pound rigid frame Sylph. Cata. free.  
**House-Duryea Cycle Co., Mfrs. 66 & 68 St. Paul, Ill.**  
4-ply Linen Collar, any size or style, sent on receipt of **6c** in stamps.  
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Our line of Fast Black Hosiery in Pure Silk, Silk Plaited, Silk and Lisle, Lisle Thread, Cotton and lightweight Cashmere can not be surpassed for dye, durability and finish. They are of our own exclusive importation, and we guarantee they will not stain the feet or garments and that they will retain their color after repeated washings. We also make a specialty of opera and extra sizes for very stout persons at **Moderate Prices.**

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**BETTON'S PILE SALVE.**

An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drug-gists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

**WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,**  
BALTIMORE, Md. 639

**BALDNESS  
CONCEALED.**

G. Wenzel, 623 6th Ave., New York.

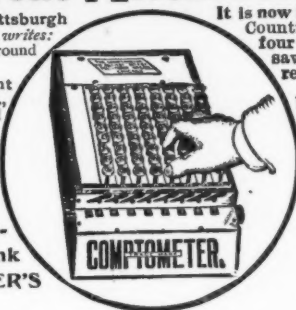
AN OVER-DEVELOPED NEGATIVE—Nope!  
—World's Fair Puck.

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Mr. Geo. L. Chase, President Hartford Fire Insurance Co., writes: "We feel that we could not dispense with it without causing us great inconvenience."

The Only Practical Adding Machine, and so good that fake add-ers are trying to bank on the COMPTOMETER'S reputation.



It is now in use in hundreds of Banks and Counting Rooms, and in the offices of four Governments. Insures accuracy, saves 60% of time and affords entire relief from mental strain.

The Comptometer is operated by Keys like a Typo-writer. Per-forms Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Interest, Percentage, Discount, etc.

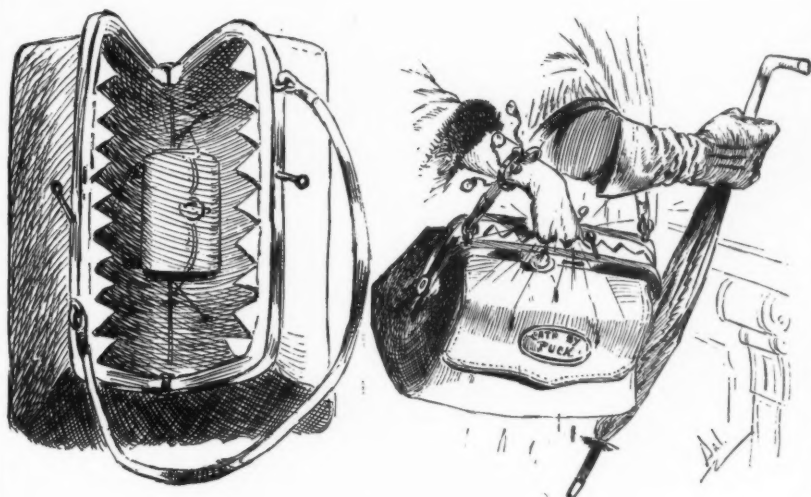
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PUCK'S Patent Purse Protector, for use in shopping.

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For Polishing Bar Fixtures, Drain Borders, and all Tin, Zinc, Brass, Copper, Kitchen and Plated Utensils; Glass, Wood, Marble, Porcelain, etc. Sec. Lb. Box, at Dealers. GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Wash'n St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

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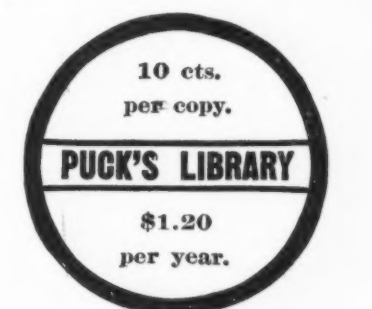
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70. On the Rialto. Being Puck's Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.
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68. Lonelyville. Being Puck's Best Things About The Place and The People.
67. Cash. Being Puck's Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders.
66. Snowballs. Being Puck's Best Things About Frozen Fun.
65. Biddy. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Kitchen Aristocracy.
64. Fall Pippins. Being Puck's Best Things For All The Year Round.
63. Zoo. Being Puck's Best Things About Unnatural History.
62. Notions. Being Puck's Best Things About All That's Quaint, Queer and Curious.
61. Ninety in the Shade. Being Puck's Best Things About Hot Weather Happenings.
60. Them Lit'ry Fellers. Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Pen and Pencil.
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58. Junk. Being Puck's Best Things About All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

### THE FICTION OF BICYCLE "BESTS"

Is realized when you know that it takes years of experience and study to build a reliable Bicycle.

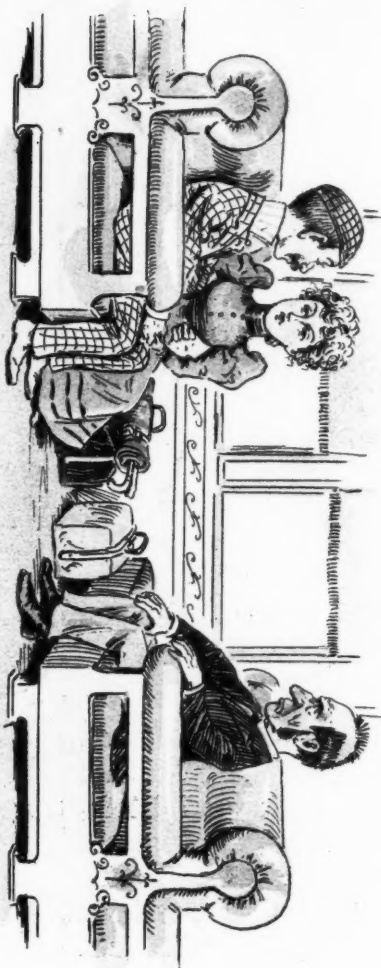
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Are the result of experience in 14 YEARS OF BICYCLE BUILDING. EACH ONE GUARANTEED.

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55. Young 'Uns. Being Puck's Best Things About The Kid in Various Stages of Development.

**LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, 50 Broadway, New York,** makes a specialty of high-class gold bonds, paying 6% interest.



This is the story of Johnson, a bachelor bound for Chicago.  
A woman-hater was Johnson, a man with no sentiment in him.

A scoffer at romance and love, a crank of the very first water;  
And he rode in a parlor-car, face to face with a new-married couple.



Hardly the train had started when Johnson began to suffer;  
Hardly the train had started when this couple began their endearments:

Paying no heed to Johnson, blind to his scornful demeanor,  
Deaf to his snorts of disgust, ignoring his very existence.



Great was the wrath of Johnson, fiercely he glared at the couple.  
Flinging upon them a frown of the deepest and darkest displeasure.

But for all the attitudes they gave to his disapproving behavior  
He might have been in the next car, or in the next state, for that matter.



On sped the limited train, and on went the new-married couple,  
Courting for all they were worth, while opposite them sat Johnson.

Fairly boiling with rage, the maiden old back in the country,  
Muttering strong expressions, unheeded for publication.



Hour after hour, unvaried, that new-married couple continued  
Addressing each other as "dicky," and "dovey," and likewise "darling."

Hour after hour the torture of Johnson grew keener and keener,  
Making him writhe with anguish, and pray there might be a collision.



Finally came a moment when Johnson could bear it no longer,  
And, laughing a dreadful laugh, he wildly grabbed up his baggage.

And dived through the window, before the eyes of the horrified passengers,  
All but the new-married couple—they calmly went on with their courting.

# ON THE WORLD'S FAIR LIMITED—A TALE OF WEDDED BLISS AND SINGLE MISERY.